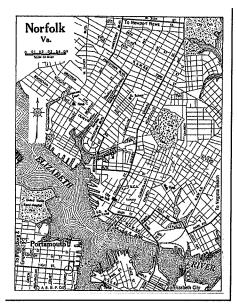
Keeping This F*cked Up Country Together

Jesu tells it like he sees it wherever he may be.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 2008

Norfolk: The Poem



Note to Readers from me, Jesse:

As much as it kills me to leave a disclaimer, I feel I need to with this one. This is a satirical poem I wrote in grad school. It exists to lovingly mock a certain genre of poems that aims to shock with its brutal honesty about societal norms, expectations, and personal bias.

In other words, it's fun. Chill out. Y'all know I love Norfolk.

statistics1 (poems that should be read all serious and ornery like Maya Angelou)

NORFOLK

I am from

the Northeast, which means that I am an asshole and that places like Norfolk bring forth images of used condoms on lawns and ignorant whites and unrefined blacks on their porches drinking moonshine in 40 bottles and sliding condoms off their giant Southern black dicks, only to fling them on the lawns of their homes.

I also picture jade green fields of swaying, bursting white cotton buds but such a beautiful image goes against my theme so I will ignore it.

I also think of iced tea.
Which is sort of neutral
because sometimes iced tea is great
and sometimes not
so I'll leave that out
too.

In any case.

I moved to Norfolk expecting a bunch of boring, ignorant, artless, couthless, physically deformed, possibly with one leg shorter than the other, many fat, many who have sex on the perilous leather curves of tractor seats and then also some black people condomed and otherwise, but on my first night in Norfolk I met Malcolm a black poet a brilliant guy who actually has one leg shorter than the other so shows what I know.

I stood on the hood of a car and yelled (because don't Southerners do such things?)
'But where are the gays?!'
and who should appear but Marco,
not only gay but Mexican,
and not only gay and Mexican
but some sort of pharmacist,
three things that don't fit well in my
head,
forcing me to later masturbate into a book at the public library
like a confused middle school
student.

If all this wasn't enough to sell me on this place,

this NorFolk
(get it?)
(did you really get it?)
(because)
(there's nothing)
(to get)
(I'm trying to fool you)
(with senseless line breaks)
(you jerk)

So
Like I was saying
on top of all this
I met a cool Filipino girl
who could actually read
which is hilarious
when you think about it
because Asians
are better known
for math.

Finally my roommate
a buxom Virginia native
told me she used to be a madam
for Super Sexy Strippers
and Norfolk was okay by me
because even though I didn't feel safe
or accepted
or warm enough
or well fed
now at least I found a place
where there's a buffer between me and the hookers
because too easy access is dangerous
when you're a lonely Northerner like me

and now I fling my condoms out the window and watch them fall like jelly fish throbbing, breathing through the atmosphere onto my lawn and I am officially a Norfolkian.